

# The Tiffin Weekly Tribune.

VOL. XV.

TIFFIN, O., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1863.

NO. 19

## General Order No. 1.

Head Quarters Clothing Department,  
Spayth's Corner, 3 doors west of the  
Post Office, Tiffin, Ohio.

## BE YE CLOTHED! MARTIN WAGNER

Merchant Tailor, announces to  
the public that he has opened the Corner room, 3  
doors west of the Post Office, where he is prepared  
to clothe the poor and give "fits" to all who will pa-  
tronize him. He keeps an assortment of

## READY-MADE CLOTHING, CLOTHS,

VESTINGS,  
TRIMMINGS,  
&c., &c.

## CUSTOM WORK.

Having in his employ the very  
best cutters and tailors, he will pay particular atten-  
tion to custom work and all orders will be promptly  
filled to.

Remember the place, 3 doors  
west of the Post Office,

TIFFIN O.  
MARTIN WAGNER.  
April 11, 1862.

## GALLUP'S JEWELRY STORE,

Established every month with a new stock of fine Jew-  
elry, Clocks, Watches, Silver Plate and Foreign Goods  
of new and beautiful styles and great variety.  
His assortment of

## CLOCKS MARINE TIME PIECE.

Various styles of Clocks may be seen ranging in value  
from two to fifteen dollars.

## WATCHES.

His watches are selected with great care, warranted  
to be perfect time keepers, and of the quality of gold they are  
represented to be when sold. Prices vary from two to  
ten dollars and fifty cents. Silver watches corre-  
spondingly low.

AMONG OTHER THINGS HIS STOCK CONSISTS OF  
the gold and silver jewelry, watches, silver plate, and  
foreign goods, of new and beautiful styles and great variety.  
His assortment of

## Chains, Gold Pens, Gold and Silver Thimbles,

silver table sets, and mounted spoons, tea  
spoons and straws, spectacles of gold, silver, plat-  
ina, and steel.

## MADE TO SUIT ALL EYES, with a variety of gold studs, buttons, etc., etc., etc., and a large assortment of silver and gold jewelry, of new and beautiful styles, and great variety.

## Reticules, Coral Beads, (in bracelets, necklaces, and earrings.)

Gold bracelets, new and old, very beautiful.  
His stock being constantly replenished, he desires  
that

## New and Fashionable

and will be sold at the lowest possible rates. Call  
on the Jeweler and Piano Tuner, Wm. J. Gallup,  
No. 10, Tiffin, O.

## PRICES REDUCED.

## GEO. R. HUSS, No. 2 Tomb's Block,

## SCHOOL BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, MISCELLANEOUS BOOK

MUSIC BOOKS,  
ALL KINDS OF BOOKS.

Union Paper, 50 styles,  
Union Envelopes, 50 styles,  
Commercial Note Paper,  
Letter Paper,  
Footlock Paper,  
Envelopes of every kind,  
Lithographs and Steel Engravings  
of all the Generals in the army.

## Diaries, Pictures, Slates, Music, Memorandums, Gold Pens;

## 40th REGIMENT OF OHIO INFANTRY!

The ranks of this regiment have been thin-  
ned by disease and battle, until its effective  
number has become so small, that the General Com-  
manding has ordered that it be recruited up to the maximum num-  
ber, and for that purpose Lieut. Foster, and  
myself, with a party of ten non-commissioned  
officers have been detailed.

Men who wish to enter the service and lend  
a helping hand to sustain their Government,  
cannot do better than to come at once and  
join this old and successful regiment.

The recruit coming into this regiment, at  
once becomes a veteran and useful soldier—  
he has the advantage of experienced officers  
and comrades, from whom he quickly learns  
the drill and the duties of a soldier gener-  
ally. Recruits enlisting will be entitled to the  
usual pay and bounty.

Come forward without delay, for your coun-  
try calls for help.  
Recruits in Commercial Row, Tiffin,  
Ohio.

JAMES M. PATTERSON,  
Capt. Co. K, 49th Reg. O. V. I., and Re-  
cruiting Officer.  
Tiffin, Nov. 24, '62

## TO TEACHERS.

Meetings for the Examination of  
Teachers, will be held in the Court House,  
in Tiffin, at 1 o'clock, P. M., on each Satur-  
day of February, March, April, May, Sep-  
tember, October and November; and on the  
third Saturday of each of the remaining  
months of the year.

J. H. GOOD,  
JAMES HILLARS,  
JOHN McCauley  
Tiffin, Feb. 4, 1860-10

## John Vorndron & Co.,

Snyder's Block, Tiffin, O.

Respectfully announce that they  
are receiving and will keep constantly on hand

## Groceries, Provisions, Dyestuffs, &c. &c. &c.

of which we would name,  
Tea, Coffee, Molasses,  
Sugar, Syrup, Spices,  
Pepper, Cigars, Soap,  
Candles, Raisins,  
Prunes, Figs,  
Almonds, Filberts, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Flour, Pork, Bacon, Fish,  
Salt, Fish Oil, &c., Tar,

## Wooden and WILLOW WARE.

Also, Oats, Corn, &c.

## Fresh Groceries,

The very Lowest Rates for Cash

All persons desiring to purchase good Groceries at  
low rates, will do well to give us a call.  
JOHN VORNDRON, M. J. KIRCHNER,  
myself

## GROceries.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
W. H. Keilholtz,

Respectfully informs the public that he has re-  
ceived his establishment into the south room, in  
Snyder's Block, opposite Snyder's Block, Tiffin, Ohio,  
where he will always be ready to wait on his old friends  
and customers, and as many new ones as may favor him  
with their patronage. He desires that they should be sup-  
plied with

## GROceries.

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
W. H. Keilholtz,

## TEAS.

N. O. Crushed and Coffee Sugars, Molasses and  
Rice; Tobacco; Rice; Canned Goods; Tinware; Glass  
Ware; Candles; Soap; and Tinned Fruit; Raisins;  
Prunes; Filberts; Almonds; and other Groceries, of  
the best quality and at the lowest prices.

## RIO and JAVA COFFEE.

These will be found the best assortment of  
PURE LIQUORS.

## To the Cigar Trade.

The best cigars always found on hand at all times.  
I am determined to sell my stock at prices that cannot  
fail to satisfy the trade. I desire that those wishing to  
purchase should call and examine my stock before they  
purchase elsewhere.  
W. H. KEILHOLTZ,  
Tiffin, Ohio.

## NEW BOOKS!

Just received for sale by  
GEO. R. HUSS,  
Tomb's Block,  
Port Lafayette,  
Or, Love and Succession.

## Port Lafayette, Cecil Dreeme.

by Theo. Winthrop.  
John Brent.  
by the same.

## Pilgrims of Fashion.

by Kinsman Cornwallis.  
Tom Brown at Oxford.

## SENECA COUNTY MARBLE YARDS.

Immediately south of the Wm  
Bridge, Tiffin, O.

## ABNER NIEBEL.

Tombstones, Monuments, Man-  
the pieces, Table and Slat Top, and every other  
article in his line manufactured in order and in the  
most approved and modern styles.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons who are about improv-  
ing their lot in Public Counties, and Private District  
Gravels, are especially invited to call and examine  
the large and complete lot of

## ITALIAN AND AMERICAN MONUMENTS, TOMB AND HEAD STONES,

at the Seneca County Marble  
Works, immediately adjoining the Wm Bridge  
Tiffin, Ohio.  
The Monuments, &c. are composed of original  
designs, and choice selections from the most appropri-  
ate and beautiful structures in modern art, which the  
proprietor is determined to sell at the most reason-  
able prices.

ESTABLISHED 1840, and with promptness.  
ESTABLISHED 1840, and with promptness.  
ESTABLISHED 1840, and with promptness.  
ESTABLISHED 1840, and with promptness.  
ESTABLISHED 1840, and with promptness.

## \$75 to \$150 per Month.

The Little Giant Sewing Ma-  
chine Company want an agent in each county to  
sell their new and improved \$15 Machine, with  
sewing attachment and extra needles. We will pay a  
liberal salary and expenses, or give large commis-  
sion, for particulars, terms, etc., include a stamp, and ad-  
dress  
J. F. PAGE, Toledo, O.  
J. F. PAGE, Toledo, O.  
J. F. PAGE, Toledo, O.

## Tiffin Weekly Tribune

For the Tribune.  
"BYE-AND-BYE."

Suggested on reading an article, on the  
same subject, in a late number of the Tri-  
bune.

A school-boy sits with a troubled look,  
And a frown is on his brow,  
He has pondered long o'er that tiresome  
book.

He is tired and weary now,  
But suddenly a glad and joyous light,  
Beams forth from his dark, bright eye:  
He thinks of the future, with promises bright  
And whispers, "bye-and-bye."

A youth is standing with folded arms,  
And a brow with thought o'er-cast,  
His cheek is flushed with the life blood  
within.

And his heart beats high and fast,  
And noble purpose and firm resolve,  
Are stamped on his forehead high,  
And glorious thoughts in his breast revolve.  
As he murmurs, "bye-and-bye."

And manhood, with labor and busy care,  
Is wearing his life away;  
Toils, constant toils, from year to year,  
No quiet by night or day,  
With anxious brow and aching heart,  
He heaves the deep drawn sigh,  
But he looks with joy to a coming rest,  
And whispers, "bye-and-bye."

And age leans wearily on his staff,  
His ear almost deaf,  
His hand almost numb,  
His heart almost dead,  
Set, is life morning sun,  
God filters not the weary hand,  
Bright is the sunken eye:  
He sees by faith the "hereafter,"  
And so he murmurs, "bye-and-bye."

FLORA.  
Jan. 25th, '63

## For the Tribune. TRYING OUR FORTUNES.

A few weeks since, you published man-  
y of the little old sayings of long ago.  
You are too progressive, dear sir. We  
who live in the rural districts, and still  
"wait for the wagon" are not entirely  
free from the fancies of our ancient grand-  
mothers, and when we fall in love or  
imagine any one fanciful, or seems to fan-  
ciful, we use the universal resort is some time-  
honored, much-used proverb, which, happily  
or miserably man may be—so much for  
a prelude.

A few weeks since, two young ladies  
and gentlemen concluded to call upon  
the spirits of their future partners. The  
many methods of doing so were taken  
up, discussed and dropped. But one finally  
met their approbation. I will ex-  
plain the whole minutely, so that some  
love sick swain may be benefited there-  
by.

They divided into couples, each two  
taking an egg, and, without speaking or  
laughing during the whole operation,  
rolled it up in a piece of brown paper, then  
taking part in all the labor. Then two  
(a lady and gentleman, of course) put  
it into the fire—a fire-place preferred, but  
if none convenient a stove will do—and  
each taking hold of the shovel, cover it  
over well and then wait until it is well  
roasted. Cut it in halves, take out the  
yolk, place it under the pillow—he taking  
one half, she the other. Fill up the  
space left by the removal of the yolk,  
with salt and retire without speaking.

Whoever brings you a drink, in your  
sleep, you will most assuredly marry.—  
Of a truth some one will; for what white  
man could retire with a hard egg in his  
stomach, without dreaming of some dear  
creature, and who could eat so much salt  
without dreaming of getting a drink from  
the hand of the idealized one!

However, I must not moralize quite so  
much, but proceed with my story. Tru-  
man and Callie, on examining their roas-  
ted ovum, found that it was completely  
blown up and that their matrimonial  
prospects were slim. Sad indeed were  
they when the appalling truth burst upon  
their minds, that they were doomed to  
single blessedness.

Lile and Charlie, however, were more  
fortunate. Theirs came out of the ash-  
es "O. K." was duly eaten, and soon  
they were in the arms of Morpheus,  
dreaming. Lile of a black eyed soldier,  
offering her the cooling nectar in a silver  
goblet.

I have, I believe, forgotten to mention  
that should a drink be offered in an old  
fashioned gourd, the future husband  
would be entirely penniless; in a tin  
cup, poor but able to live; if in a glass,  
in good circumstances, but if a silver cup,  
then wealthy and aristocratic.

Now, our little friend Lile was in ec-  
stasy. The next morning, for he he  
knew to you, that a certain gay soldier  
boy has carried off her heart—a good and  
true one—and left one as generous and  
noble in return.

It is the adventures of Charlie I would  
relate particularly, and worthy of relat-  
ing they are, too. Ye lovers of fiction  
may now pause, as the tale I am to tell  
is strictly true in all particulars, except  
the name—"What's in a name?"

Just as the old clock in the corner tol-  
led the solemn hour of midnight, when  
men are, or should be, quietly reveling

in the land of nod, and when things super-  
natural stalk abroad, a strange look-  
ing being "might have been seen" wend-  
ing its way up the stairway to the room  
occupied by Charlie. It had on a robe,  
of the purest white, long and flowing,  
none of the modern improvements of  
bustle or hoop, deformed its fair propor-  
tions.

Tall—nearly eleven feet Charlie says.  
In its head was a white turban of an-  
cient style, in its hand was a gourd in  
which was something in the shape of a  
drink. But of all earthly things, nothing  
could compare with its face. Black  
piercing eyes, a young earthquake for a  
mouth, no hair to be seen. Its jaws tied  
up like a corpse. Charlie declares it  
looked like the devil, but having no ac-  
quaintance with that gentleman, we can-  
not say.

As we were saying (vide Widow Boddy)  
it tread noiselessly and slowly up the  
stairs to Charlie's bed-side, and stooping  
imprinted a cold kiss upon his lips. Ye  
ghosts how he started. The lips were  
cold and colorless, sending a chill of hor-  
ror through his entire frame. With one  
leap he would have been upon the floor,  
and declares that he would have run for  
life and hallowed murder. But his bed-  
fellow, our friend Truman, thinking that  
the apparition might be of the feminine  
gender, wisely held him fast.

Poor Charlie! his case was certainly  
pitiable. His whole system literally  
shook with terror. At last he managed  
to articulate.

"Who, who, who, what do you want?"  
In deep like accents it answered:  
"Do you want a drink of water?"  
This was enough. His head ducked  
under the cover and a vain attempt to  
turn over in bed.

"For God's sake, Truman, let me turn  
over."

He did turn over "double quick" and  
his head just more than ducked under the  
cover. The ghost departed solemnly  
and slowly to the stairway and down the  
steps.

Charlie soon recovered his wits and  
was soon sleeping, when the horrid crea-  
ture returned, and (Charlie says) pour-  
ed the water all over the bed. The next  
morning he awoke with a terrible head-  
ache, and requests me to warn all young  
ladies and gentlemen to beware how they  
temper with the gods, especially when  
the modern operandi of preparing a dough-  
face is understood.

## "BERWICK."

"Parson" Brownlow writes to the Cin-  
cinnati Commercial, saying:

I have seen and conversed with a gen-  
tleman recently from Knoxville, who  
used to work in my office, and he brings me  
the intelligence of my dwelling house  
having been evacuated by that vile traitor  
E. Kirby Smith, and of his having  
been rented out to slaves of the city and  
its surroundings to be occupied during  
the Christmas holidays for a negro ball  
upon a large scale. We have two class-  
es of negroes in Knoxville—the religious  
and the irreligious. The former celebra-  
te the Christmas holidays with appropriate  
exercises, at the African Methodist  
Church, where there is a large, orderly,  
and well-dressed, as well as well-train-  
ed, congregation. I have met with no  
colored congregation more so in all the  
South, although I have addressed very  
fine colored Methodist congregations in  
Savannah, Mobile, and other Southern  
cities.

We have in Knoxville, another class  
of negroes, who are vain and fashion-  
able, and handle money the year round.  
These celebrate their holidays with a  
dance and costly supper, usually paying  
extravagant rents for rooms. Either of  
these classes of slaves are the equals of  
their owners in point of integrity, and  
gently their superiors, as a general  
thing, in virtue and morality. These  
slaves enjoy greater privileges than most  
of the free negroes at the North, and  
would, at any time, refuse their freedom,  
if granted alone upon the condition that  
they should leave their native soil.

But I set out to speak of the dance,  
and of the occupation of my house for  
that purpose. Mine is a large and com-  
modious dwelling, with two large rooms  
on the first floor, separated by a hall or  
passage in the center, and I should say,  
is well adapted to the purposes of a  
dance and a feast. My greatest objec-  
tion to the use of the house on this occa-  
sion, is the requiring the negroes to pay  
rent and then using the money for the  
benefit of the corrupt government of  
Jeff. Davis.

That a negro dance, to the tune of  
"Pop goes the Weasel," would be more  
acceptable in the eyes and ears of high  
Heaven, than pretended religious ser-  
vices, conducted by one of the hypocritical  
clergymen in the Southern army, or one  
of the lying, whisky-drinking clergymen  
of the South concerned in getting up this  
rebellion, I have no sort of doubt. At  
least I prefer their using my house for a  
negro dance than their meeting in it to  
mock God and burlesque religion by  
pretending to conduct religious exer-  
cises.

W. G. BROWNLOW.

GENERAL BUTLER closed a recent  
speech in reply to a serenade at Boston,  
with the following strong statement of  
his hatred of the rebellion: "Farther  
than not have it quelled. I for one am  
ready to begin over again, with a ship-  
load of emigrants at Plymouth and Jame-  
stown, and start fair again—if we have  
so mistaken our road—and anything  
short of that would be treason to the  
country, treason to the world and treas-  
on to liberty forever."

## Speak Gently to Each Other.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

"Please help me a minute, sister,"  
said little Frank.

"Oh, don't disturb me," I said, "I'm  
reading."

"But just hold this stick, won't you,  
while I drive the pin through?" said  
Frank.

"I can't now. I want to finish this story,"  
said I, emphatically; and my little  
brother turned away with a disappointed  
look, in search of somebody else to assist  
him.

Frank was a bright boy of ten years,  
and my only brother. He had been visit-  
ing a young friend, and had seen a wind-  
mill, and as soon as he came home, his  
energies were all employed in making a  
small one; for he was always trying to  
make toys, wheelbarrows, kites, and all  
sorts of things such as boys delight in.  
He had worked patiently all the morning  
with saw and knife, and now it only  
remained putting together to complete it;  
his only sister had refused to assist him,  
and he had gone away with his young  
heart sad and sad.

I thought of all this immediately after  
he had left me, and my book gave me no  
pleasure. It was not at all unusual  
with me, only thoughtlessness, for I loved  
my brother, and was generally kind to  
him; still I had refused to help him.

I would have gone after him and offered  
the assistance needed, but I knew he had  
found some one else. But I had neglected  
an opportunity of gladdening a child's  
heart.

I half an hour Frank came bounding  
into the room exclaiming:

"Come, Mary, I've got it up. Just see  
how it goes!" His tones were joyous,  
and I saw that he had forgot my petu-  
lance, so that I determined to stifle my  
unusual kindness. I went with him and  
saw that he had put the pin through the  
center of the wheel, and the arms were  
whirling round fast enough to please anybody. I praised the  
windmill and my little brother's ingenuity,  
and he seemed happy and entirely for-  
gotten of unkindness, and I resolved, as  
I had so many times before, to be always  
loving and gentle.

A few days passed by, and the shadow  
of a great sorrow darkened our dwelling.  
The joyous laugh and noisy glee were  
hushed, and our merry boy lay in a dark-  
ened room with anxious frowns around  
him, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes un-  
naturally bright. Sometimes his temples  
would moisten and his muscles relax, and  
hope would come into our hearts, and  
our eyes would fill with thankful tears.—  
It was one of these deceitful calms in his  
little heart, and he said:

"I hear my windmill,"  
"O, no," he replied, "it seems as if it  
were out of doors and it makes me feel  
better."

He mused for a moment, and then ad-  
dressed me:

"Don't you remember, Mary, that I  
wanted you to help me finish it, and you  
were reading, and told me you could not  
But it didn't make any difference, for  
mamma helped me."

Oh, how sadly these words fell upon  
my heart and what bitter memories they  
awakened. How I repented, as I knew  
little Frank's fondness, that I had ever  
spoken unkindly to him! Hours of sor-  
row went by, and we watched his couch,  
hope grew fainter and fainter, and en-  
gush deeper, until, one week from the  
morning he spoke of his childish sports,  
we closed the eyes once so sparkling,  
and folded his hands over his pulseless  
heart.

He now sleeps in the grave, and home  
is desolate; but the little windmill,  
the work of his busy hands, is still whirling  
in the breeze, just where he placed it, up  
on the roof of the old windmill; and ev-  
ery time I see the tiny arms revolving, I  
remember the lost little Frank—and I  
remember also the thoughtless, un-  
kind words!

Brothers and sisters, be kind to one  
another! Be gentle, considerate and  
loving.

## General Hooker.

As I picked my way along, I saw a  
houseman covered with mud from cap to  
straw, whom I took to be an orderly and  
a very filthy one at that. He was order-  
ing a teamster to unhitch his mules and  
take them to the front, to help another  
team out which barred the way. I sat  
and watched the operation for a while,  
and listened to the orders, which began  
to bring a little hope of extraction to  
the benighted team. Presently I got a  
glimpse of the supposed orderly's face,  
and saw that it was no less a person than  
Gen. Hooker. He was dressed in a  
black waterproof coat, and was plastered  
with the ochre mud so that he was  
scarcely recognizable. His pres-  
ence and vigorous orders, set matters go-  
ing again, and while he remained there  
the sex of mud began to wriggle and  
move, reminding one of "the general  
movement on a plate of molasses covered  
with flies, when, by reason of some gen-  
eral alarm, the flies make a unanimous  
struggle to get away."

## Dropping Stars.

The Murfreesboro correspondent of  
the Jackson (Miss.) Appeal, tells how  
the very mules began to bite the rebel  
stars from their harnesses.

"General Polk's battle-flag at Shiloh  
was a blue field, with a large red cross,  
containing thirteen white stars, the long  
bar of the cross running horizontally, or  
with the fly. Before we entered Ken-  
tucky the General concluded to modify  
his flag by bordering the edge of the flag  
with white, and sent to Stafora Battery  
for its flag as a pattern.

"Now, it happened, by some careless-  
ness, that the mules had gotten hold of  
our flag and torn off the end containing  
two stars; so, when the new flags were  
distributed, each one in the division was  
found to contain eleven stars only, and  
they then remain, the General perhaps  
never noticed the difference."

Let Jeff. Davis take warning. His  
kingdom was fought by asses, and it  
will be destroyed by ignoble mules.—  
Nashville Union.

## Querer Estimate.

"How much did it weigh?"  
"Ten pounds."

"Is it possible?"  
"I never! You don't say!"

"Thousands of times has the question  
been asked, and thousands of times has  
it been wondered at and never!"

And what commodity is it that is  
great at ten pounds, and a marvel at  
thirteen? Don't mind the Price Current  
for it isn't there. It was something  
bundled in a flannel blanket—the blanket  
securely pinned and knotted at the  
corners—the something in an active  
state of unrest. The stevedores had  
been called into requisition, and high-  
landed iron was lashed to hang a hope  
on! The little bundle was swung up; the  
weight clacked along the bar; "That's  
the catch! Eight and a half!" Eight and  
a half of what? Why, of—humanity. By  
the memory of Malheur, there's a lady in  
the blanket! So there is, a little voter  
or, if not that, as Shakespeare says, "a  
child; something that may cut a figure  
in the world, break heads or hearts—  
have a great name, and be a man or a  
woman. Eight pounds and a half of a  
hero or a heroine, a monster or a minis-  
ter. Pity and patriotism by the pound.  
Beauty and brains by the pound. The  
Querer estimate isn't it? But there  
are queerer still.

Time wears on apace with us all, and  
the something in the blanket too. He is  
a boy of five. He stands erect as God  
made him; that he may look "as a writer  
sees," upon the stars. But they are  
talking again, but the story's stand  
undisturbed in the cellar way. No use  
for them now. But they are talking, and  
we are listening.

"Tell of his age, isn't he?" He looks  
over the table like a man's high chair  
was put away months ago!

Tall is he! Three feet and an inch  
high, and this is the altitude of humanity.  
Weight is out of the question; estimation  
all runs to height. Ambition is but an-  
other name for altitude, and success a  
synonym for getting higher. The boy is  
in a hurry; he checks a rostrum to get  
higher. Moments go up; shouts go up; fa-  
vorites go up to count; competitors go  
up to glory. Height, height, everywhere  
height. Six feet of glory; six feet, too  
of honor and dignity. Querer again—  
don't you think so?

By and by, melancholy trio—the form  
is bent a little, and there goes an inch or  
two from stature. He or she is looking  
at something in the dust. What can it  
be? Surely, it is not a grave; they are  
at. Surely, it is not a grave; they are  
at. Surely, it is not a grave; they are  
at. Surely, it is not a grave; they are  
at. Surely, it is not